

12

The ARK



LEXINGTON TRANSIENT BUREAU
LEXINGTON, KY.

JANUARY-15 ----- NUMBER 10
11 OF 10

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OPEN LETTER TO "THE ARK:"

I would like to take this opportunity to say "Hello" to the men at the Shelter and Colored Quarters in Lexington and in Camp at Blue Licks. It is my hope that in the near future I will have occasion to meet more of you personally.

I would also like to congratulate each and every one of you on the splendid work which is apparent in the organization and set up of this Division. No Transient Bureau can be successfully operated without the cooperation and support of the men in it. From various sources I have received reports as to the facilities and equipment which were on hand at the beginning of the Transient program in Lexington. In fact, I understand that at one time the only available desk space was a meat block in the middle of the floor. And now to see the facilities and organization readily reminds one that each person on the staff and each man in the Bureau must have worked long and faithfully.

I am sure that all of you regretted the departure of Captain Wolfe. On every hand I hear highly complimentary remarks regarding his work while in Lexington. The results of course are apparent and justify all the nice things that have been said about him. He leaves behind a precedent which will be hard to live up to. He moves on, however, to another field and I am sure we all wish him the best of luck in his new position.

Within a short time we will be confronted with another organization problem, and that is the moving of our offices and Shelter to a new location. There will necessarily be some confusion. For a time we will not have the physical facilities available which we now have. However, after we have moved and become organized I am confident that our new quarters will be much more comfortable and efficient than the ones we now have. I would like to solicit the help of the men when this time comes.

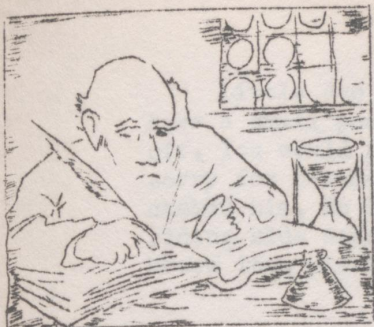
Very truly yours,

Hord Byrd
Hord Byrd
Director.

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LEAVES FROM THE LOG BOOK

One of the most remarkable things about Camp Blue Licks is the absence of serious accidents. Up to date we have had no broken arms or legs - and the boys have been building roads, barracks, rock fireplaces, and putting up aerals all over the place. Must be angels with wings!

The new fireplace in the mess hall is finished and looks good. As we go to press they are waiting for fire bricks to finish the back wall - the smoke rolls out into the mess hall, but what's a little smoke?

James Basham checked in his false teeth to Mohun's store-room when the new diet went into effect - Bulletin 13!

It doesn't pay to worry, or give up in despair. When there's so much of gladness, for you to freely share. It doesn't pay to grumble, if things seem to go wrong. Better drown your disappointment, in a cheerful burst of song. It doesn't pay to dawdle, when there's urgent work to do. A clear and urgent purpose will inspire the best in you. It doesn't pay to sorrow over chances missed and gone, for however black the midnight there will surely come the dawn. Bill Mundall.

Rates of pay have been reduced in accordance with instructions from Washington. Most of the boys took it in good part - realizing the pay-roll had been boosted pretty high, and a drop back to the original schedule was inevitable some day.

Crystal sets are in evidence everywhere out at Blue Licks, and they all get WLW, some of them more distant stations. The camp radio in the mess hall is still going strong - but some of the boys like to lie down while listening to the programs. Hence the crystal sets.

The new barracks, the first of a series, should be finished by the time this goes to press. The boys have been working hard on that project.

THE LOG BOOK

Little Joe went over to Mr. Hunter's to go horse back riding. They have a small pony named Rosco, and Little Joe liked to have fallen off. You could see daylight between him and the saddle. I sure feel sorry for his moustache, if it had been a little longer it would have choked him. He liked to have fell off twice. I guess he thought he was riding side saddle. Boy, is he sore right where he sits down? (Note, the above item was turned into the ARK unsigned)

Virgil Howell was in charge of the laundry the other day when George McNab brought down the pants he wore on the night of the fiasco. Howell refused to wash the pants and now George is thinking of putting the matter before the Executive Committee on Internal Affairs - if you get what we mean.

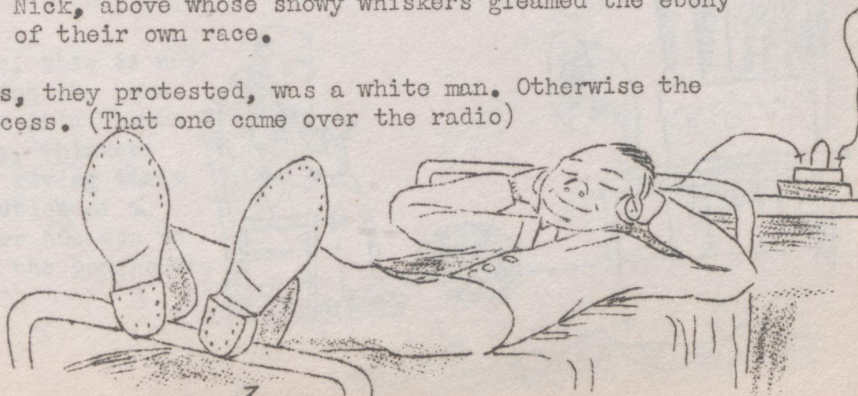
Great excitement last Xmas when Mr. Hunter brought his horse Andy over to camp. Jerry O'Day was voted the best cowboy of them all, being able to swing up into the saddle from the ground, making a complete turn a la Tom Mix. The boys galloped Andy all over the grounds, having a great time, and Andy was very good natured during all the maneuvers. Charles Watkins also came over on Chief. Quite a horsemen's day in camp.

What a time we had on Xmas night when the time came to blow taps on the bugle. All the buglers were out on pass, so Mohun blew the old standby, the British Mess Call, and we blew the Pancho Villa charge call, but nobody took much notice. All those still left in camp had gone to bed long ago!

Gilbert Keith goes to church at Blue Licks instead of staying at camp, although we have two preachers. Must be the congregation that interest Gilbert. Could it be the girls!

Santa Claus got the bird over at Richmond. It happened thus: A score of negro children, being entertained at a Christmas party in the negro transient camp there, shouted their disapproval of a conventionally attired St Nick, above whose snowy whiskers gleamed the ebony features of one of their own race.

Santa Claus, they protested, was a white man. Otherwise the party was a success. (That one came over the radio)



THE LOG BOOK

Here's food for thought. It's signed by "Payne"; the editor of Transient Comment of Moline, Ill. "And so, my friend, you and I are marked men from now on. To the longest day we live our friends will say of us "I knew them when they ate in a soup line." The thing for us to do is to keep as quiet as we can. Eventually people will find out our secret. When they do, many of them will look down on us as social inferiors, and socially we will never amount to a tinker's dam. Whether you believe it or not is entirely up to you."

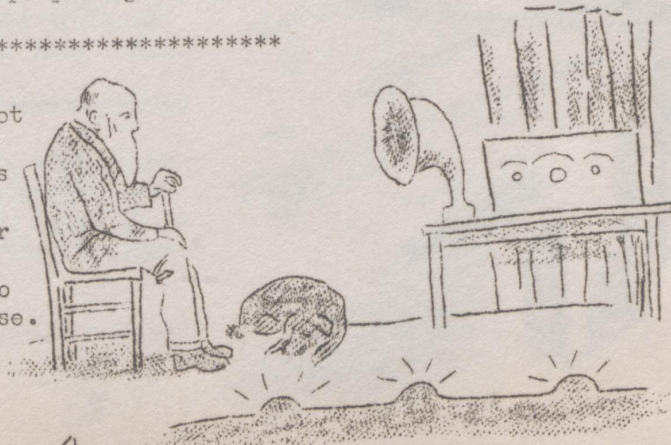
Back to the bread line for the "Big Shots" of the bureau. The budget plan, in effect for some time now and affecting ten men in key positions, has been discontinued in the interest of economy. Woe is us! "Line up for the second mess, you bozos," we can hear John Carroll call. There's nothing can be done about it. Well, goodbye civilized living! Goodbye, friends on the outside who thought we worked for the government! Transients once again. But it was good while it lasted.

Flash! Just as we write this, in comes the new food bulletin for January. We looked it over and it seems to be the berries. Swelp me Anna - but there's coffee three times a day on all the menus! Gorblime! meat all over the shop. Pies and cakes and vegetables and bread too. Let's stick around fellers. They are doin' right by our Nell it seems.

Some time this month we shall move into the new Center - some call it Shelter - over at 3rd and Walton. Three floors and plenty of windows, and surrounded by railroads, coal yards, and lumber yards. It's way out on the other side of town from which you will arrive - most of the boys come in over the Southern - so out of towners please note and change your route if you want to save yourselves a long walk. Everything in the bureau will be under one roof.

After all, a government which required millions of men to give up everything to go abroad and fight in mud and filth should not kick at providing them with jobs at living wages at least equal to what they received while preparing for death!

No, friends, this is not the editor getting the news over the radio - it's Thomas Munro and Stubby, whiskers and everythin', giving their famous impersonation of a bloke waiting for his son to rescue him from the poorhouse.



THE LOG BOOK

Stubby, the airedale pup, saw a fur coat on a lady at Camp Blue Licks the other day and almost barked his head off. Thought it was a whole flock of rabbits, or maybe a bear. The pigs, sheep, turkeys, and other specimens of domestic and wild life around the camp are now used to Stubby, and take no more notice of his antics. The Lt.'s two bird dog pups are great pals of Stubby. He takes them hunting.

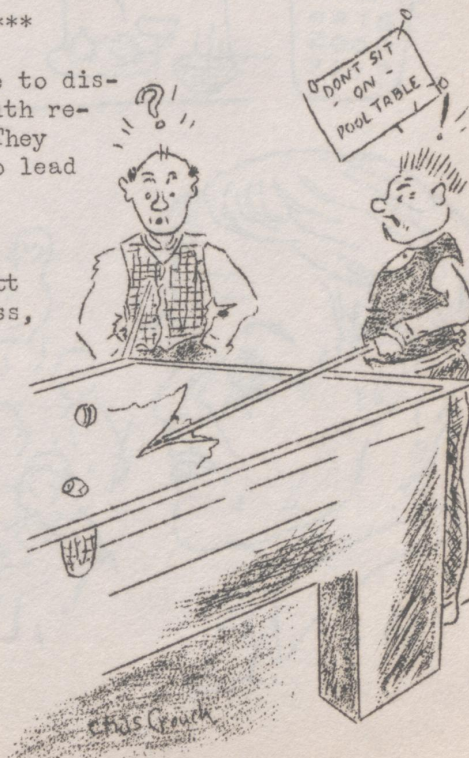
They're cutting out paper dolls at Blue Licks these days! We found John Mohun's apartment tastefully decorated with magazine covers, the decorating being done by Vernon Chamberlain, who cut out the ladies' heads with much artistic skill. We counted over a hundred heads on the wall, and the roof has not yet been touched. There's also pictures of ships, and shelves everywhere, both wood and tin, and the place is very attractive. (Somebody said it looked like a Sailor's dream of heaven.) His apartment is really half of the supply shack, and is as interesting as Mr. Curtis' museum. John received a gift from the Captain of a number of parts for the clock he recently purchased. (As a Xmas gift!)

Ray Blades, who used to preside in the hallway at Dudley School, has gone home to work in a steel mill.

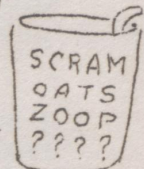
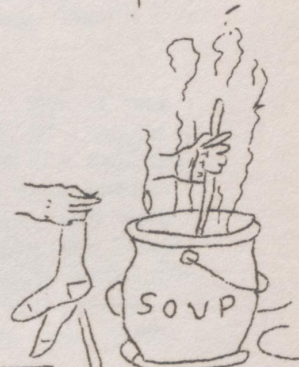
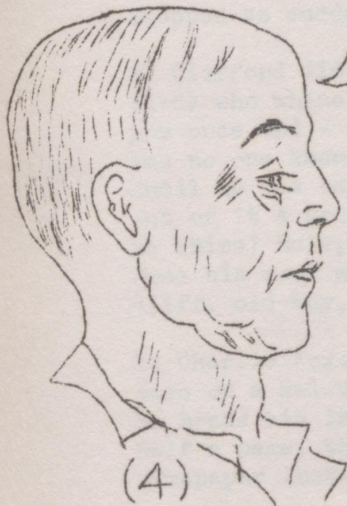
On the inside cover of the Friend, Camp Commerce, Ga., we noticed a poem by Henry Smith. "The Roamers". We printed this poem in our first issue, back in June, and Hank wrote it. Can it be that Hank is down in Georgia? Drop us a line you rascal and let's hear from you. Bill Schmidt is in New York, working. We know it's you because the wording is in the original.

The boys in the Center have a pool table to disport upon, but out at camp we were besieged with requests to help them get all kinds of things. They want cards, dominoes, crib boards, a cornet to lead the singing, a piano, a sewing machine, some Western magazines, a couple of ponies, and a group of Follies girls to put on a show every Saturday night! Some bows and arrows so Tackett and Tackett can play Indians would not be amiss, and also some scissors to cut out some more paper dolls. We promised we would write up their requests in the ARK. Well, here 'tis!

Looking at that pool table reminds us that Mohun lost his tie on Xmas night, and after raising all kinds of hell, found it in his hip pocket. It was a green tie, but was his face red!



CENTER
SNAP SHOTS
BY
BILL CAREY



Center Snapshots/

1. Nick Stockas. Chef de Luxe. Nick is not only a veteran of the Big War, but before that, done time in the Greek Army. He says he was a wet nurse to a pair of army canaries. Said they used English mules ten feet high. Had to climb a tree to get on their backs. Fifteen soldiers to a mule without crowding. The secret is out as to how the Greeks cornered the chop house racket in this country. A Greek Q.M. Sergeant swiped a ship load of those big mules during the Greco-Turko fuss and steered West until he hit New York. The supply of mule for "biff stew" killed off competition. In a Greek lunch room in New York during 1927, some one yelled "Whoa" in Greek, and the "Biff" stopped so sudden four people choked to death.

2. Clifford Gidley. Boys, here's what I call a game guy. Any of you birds who whine about a pimple on your neck, or the loss of luxuries you once had - stop and think. Cliff was an aviator, and I'm telling you no one knows the feeling of being King of the whole damn works until he has handled the controls up there. Cliff crashed, and came out of it a grounded cripple - an eagle chained to a rock. But does he whine? Hell, NO. You'll always find Cliff ready to laugh with you. Does his work without a squawk, and keeps his troubles behind him. Cliff, old boy, you've got "guts", and I'm proud to call you buddy.

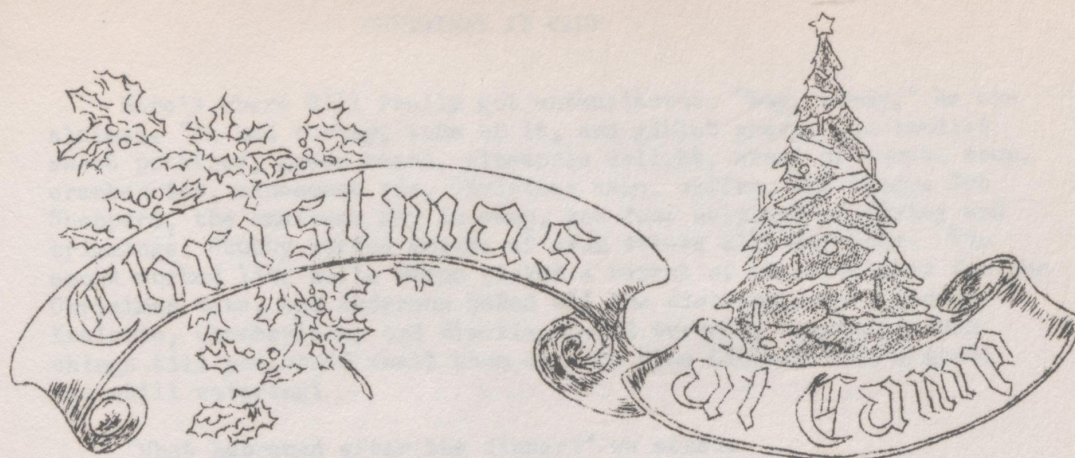
3. Charlie Fox. He and Cliff are the cooks here. Charlie has a terrible case on a gal up nawth, and does he keep them busy in the new P.O.? He heads his letters with Dearest, Darlingest, Sweetest, etc., for half a page, then twelve pages repeating "I love you", and finishes like newspaper installments - to be continued tomorrow.

4. Roy Taylor. Of the "Chicago Bottom" Taylors. He has a little twin brother in charge of the colored boys. He's called the "Storekeeper" here, though nobody's been able to catch him selling anything yet. The other side of his family is the Hatters, but their creditors pressed them and they went to the cleaners. He must be reaping a set of wild oats he sowed, by the frequent issue of the product for breakfast.

5. A. Wilhoite. A careful, conscientious, coffee cooker. Concentrates on coffee concoctions. He says the chef wont let him cook coffee by his own recipe. He maintains that to two gallons of coffee should be added 3 oz. of castor oil, one oz. of saltpetre, four well aged eggs, a ten cent bottle of tan shoe polish, one bulb of garlic chopped fine, and a half oz. of sulphuric acid for aroma. Thanks, Chef, for the interference. Your blocking saved us from a mean tackle!

6. Ira Shepperd. Chief Engineer of the dishwashers. He's a good kid, not afraid of work and always there with a grin. Another game boy, like Cliff. Some of these people who think transients are all "riff-raff" should know some of these boys. They can "take it" and come back when a lot of their detractors would be taking the "gas pipe route."

Bill Carey.



"Some doin's, out at Camp this Christmas," said Barnacle Bill, all full of enthusiasm, as he barged into our sanctum and swiped our only Christmas cigar. "The boys certainly did themselves proud; speeches, singing, preaching, cussing, turkey, presents, and seads of fun. Had the time of my life."

"Begin at the beginning," we requested.

"Well," said Bill, "I got out there on Christmas Eve about 6:30 and made a bee line for the messhall. Found Marcus Petersen in there with about sixty of the camp boys, all singing their heads off on a Christmas Carol. Petersen was standing on a bench waving his arms and just about ready to take off for heaven. Henderson was whanging away on his guitar keeping time. They had bibles and hymn books and two preachers, Rev. Harold R. Cline and the Rev. Hugh Cupp, both members of the camp. The air was full of Hallelujahs and praise the Lord's, and we got to singing in a quartet with Campbell, Clark, and Mohun until we found we always finished way head of the others, so we quit singing and listened."

"That was a break for them. Then what?" we prompted.

"It was about time to go to bed when the meeting broke up," said Bill, "but the boys had only just started. Led by Petersen they went all around camp, singing Christmas carols. We couldn't find anybody drunk, so we went to bed. We expected to find the boys in a rip snorting humor, being Christmas, but they surprised us and themselves too, we guess. Everybody was perfectly sober."

"Did it last through Christmas?" we asked.

"Absolutely," said Bill. "The next morning we went over to the McConnell's and found Charlie Watkins and Otis' daughter, Lilian, had done got married the night before. Fine couple these two. So we wished them luck and a large family, and went back later and ate a second Christmas dinner. Nice people the McConnell's. About fifteen of the boys went over that evening and raised hell with dishpans as a wedding celebration. They would have stayed all night but it rained, which was a break for Charles and Lilian."

"What kind of a dinner did they have at camp?" we enquired.

CHRISTMAS AT CAMP

Here's where Bill really got enthusiastic. "Boy, howdy," he exclaimed. "We had turkey, tons of it, and giblet gravy, and candied sweet potatoes, green beans, pineapple delight, cream of tomato soup, cranberries, mincemeat pie, Christmas cake, coffee, and candy. Bob Shepperd, the smallest guy in camp, got four helpings of turkey and trimmings. Stubby buried dozens of drum sticks all over camp. The cooks worked like hell. Mason picked a barrel of black walnuts for the Christmas cake, and Anderson baked all the pies and cakes. Rhodes, Kralovic, Chamberlain, and Blackie cooked turkeys, vegetables and things till you could smell them down to Blue Licks." Bill's mouth was still watering!

"What happened after the dinner?" we asked.

"Plenty," said Bill. "Petersen got up a collection for the boys who had not yet received a payday, so they could have smokes for Christmas. That was a kindly thought. Bill Campbell went to Carlisle for dinner at his best girl's, and missed all the good things said about him and the cooks. It was a hilarious dinner party. Mrs. Crutcher, our adopted camp mother, was there too, having the time of her life apparently. She gets a big kick out of the boys, and that's one reason why the extra hilarious ones kept to their tents later in the day. She's a good influence."

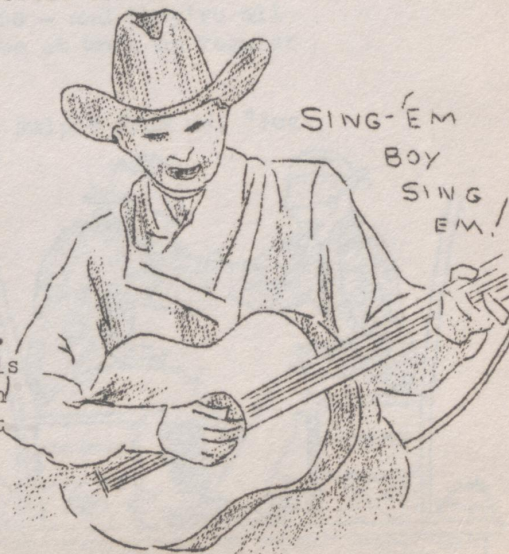
"So the boys behaved well," we remarked.

"Let me tell you something," said Bill. "These men are the same as I've met in the army, in construction camps, on board tramp steamers, and on windjammers in the old days. They're men first, they respect women, they believe in wholesome fun, and they are putting up a good front in the face of conditions that would cause a lot of their detractors to take the gas route. They can be compared to any class of men you can pick out and they'll come out on top. They're a good gang out at camp."

"Any entertainments?" we asked.

"The boys had a Christmas tree, decorated with ornaments and everything, including presents. It was erected in front of Headquarters tent. Mohun received a horse, but the horse got away and only left his trademark. Cigarettes for some, and a bottle of castor oil for George McNabb.

"After supper, which was a real supper, not sandwiches, we had a show in the mess hall. Lt. Crutcher was the M.C. and a good one too. It started with a sing, the boys are great on singing, and then went into one of those fool contests that had everybody howling with laughter. Mohun and Wells were blind folded and set on chairs on a table, and fed each other with jello. It got in their hair and ears, but Wells won the contest. The Lt. had planned on switching Well's jello for soft soap at the last moment, but Mrs. Crutcher was sitting in the background with tears rolling down her face.



CHRISTMAS AT CAMP

and the Lt. was afraid of the vocabulary of Mohun under the circumstances! Mike Sharp and Kralovic were the next victims with mincemeat pie. Most of the pie went down Mike's back - he was an expert ducker so he won the contest. They were more fun than a barrel of monkeys."

"Then we had a session of Nick Henderson and his guitar and mouth organ. He is an accomplished entertainer, and his stuttering gags and songs brought down the house. This boy really knows his stuff when it comes to mountain music, and we'll put him against any radio performer we ever heard."

"Thomas Munro and Stubby, the John Barrymore and Rin Tin Tin of Blue Licks Camp, put on their famous act with the assistance of Fain and Evans. It was voted one of the best shows of the evening. This was supposed to close the entertainment, but the boys had only just got warmed up, and Mike Sharp, with "his left hand foot with a right hand drive" put on a tap dance and breakdown that was a wow. Fain and Evans also joined in but Mike danced them down, and was adjudged the winner amidst wild yells."

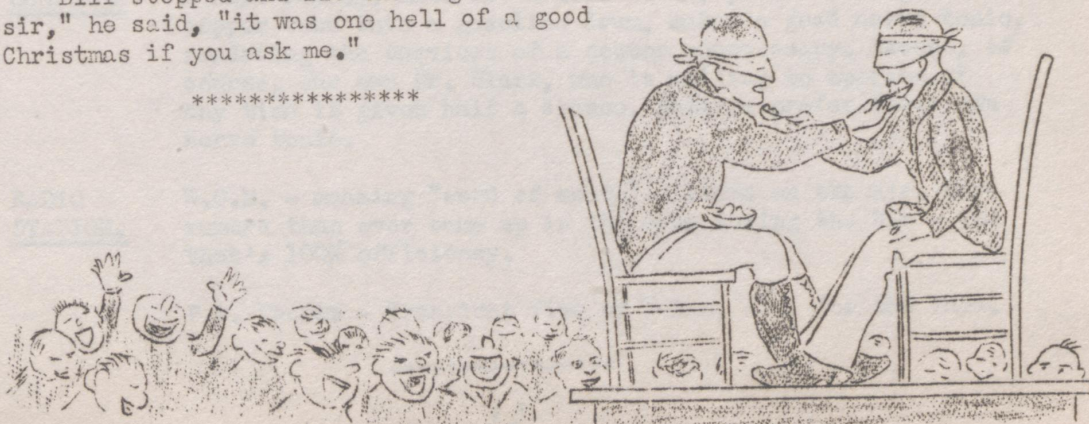
"By this time the party was in an uproar, and we finished the evening by singing the old time songs, "How dry I am", "Hail, hail, the gang's all here", "Sweet Adeline", and then wound up with "Silent Night" and a prayer from Peterson who gave thanks to the Deity in a few well chosen words."

"So that's what happened in Blue Licks on Christmas," we mused. "Probably a little different to most people's idea of a transient camp."

"Yes," said Bill, "but this camp is run different. Many of the men have been here some time, and there's no swelled heads at this camp. Superintendent John W. Dally and Lieutenant Crutcher have developed a spirit of camaradie among the men that helps everybody. It's more like a big family, and all pull together."

"We're all human," went on Bill, "and we all have our faults. These men are not staying in camp because they prefer it to working on regular jobs - there are no regular jobs for many of them. Until something is done to break up this impasse, it's the best thing that can be found to be done - and they're all making the best of it. Maybe they'll all be at work on regular jobs by next Christmas. Let's hope so."

Bill stopped and lit the cigar he had swiped from us. "Yes sir," he said, "it was one hell of a good Christmas if you ask me."



CITY of BLUE LICKS

POPULATION We never see anybody around as we dash through on the truck, but must be some activity, judging from the children who attend Blue Licks School.

AREA One mile long - commencing at Blue Licks Service Station and continuing to Dick's Place. Beyond the bridge not counted. Out of bounds. In between, if you'll look closely, you'll find one school, one hotel, four wells, three houses, a church, and eight gasoline pumps. Bounded on North, South, East, and West by Kentucky and the Licking River.

ALTITUDE Nothing "high" hat about Blue Licks. Here's the "low" down about the place. Good hunting near the bridge. Ask Jerry.

FINANCIAL Considerably improved since the introduction of the camp. Market for second hand goods brisk.

TELEPHONES Must be some but they can't compete with John Mohun, hence considered unnecessary in camp.

CHURCH More preachers in camp than in Blue Licks, but weddings must take place down the road in the little church around the bend. Jerry O'Day and Bill Campbell expected to attend church any day now.

HOTEL Blue Licks once famous for it's mineral waters - one drink and you went to bed. Hence the hotel. No objection to sleeping in the grass if you haven't the price of a room.

RAILROAD Haven't been able to find any.

HIGHWAY Runs both ways. Much used by the camp boys after payday.

AIRPORT What's an airport?

AMUSEMENTS The Blue Licks School, Dick's Place, Blue Licks Service Station, and George McNab. If you don't like these, ask Jerry O'Day to show you around, or sit in the smoke and listen to the radio in the mess hall.

HOSPITAL A home remedy, made of various seeds, passed through a copper tube into a gasoline drum, makes a good nerve tonic, rendering the services of a doctor unnecessary. Except, of course, our own Dr. Clark, who is willing to operate at any time if given half a chance. Natives prefer their own nerve tonic.

RADIO STATION. W.O.M. - meaning "word of mouth". Always on the air. More rumors than ever came up in the Army during the War - and that's 100% efficiency.

P.S. Thanks - Transient Time of Yukon, Fla. for the idea.

BLUE^{FG} LICKS⁷² FOLLIES

The word was relayed around Camp that a Christmas entertainment is to take place at Blue Licks School, so a large group of the camp boys decide to take in the proceedings. The editor of the ARK arrived late and could only get his nose in the door. We promised to write the doin's up for him and he left for Lexington. It's our opinion he can't take it - we mean the bawling of the babies and the immense crowd, 150, all resting their weary feet on someone else's pet corns!

So it is wished upon me to obtain a few brief details of the said event.

The kids take the first portion of the show. We see little J. Sibert receive a big hand, and also little Willie Wagner of Blue Licks. They brought down the house.

We certainly have to give credit to the two big immaculate gentlemen who arrived on the stage singing "Jingle Bells". After all, it was a big responsibility. (Heh?)

So is more when a group of tobacco growers are continually spraying me with moist tobacco juice. There was something going on about a summer boarding house on the stage - it was a play with gestures - but every body was disguised, and we couldn't see between the tobacco spray who was who. We think we recognized one of the actresses by the way she wiggled.

Anyway, after awhile we see Thomas Munro behind some horse hair whiskers, with Stubby, the Airedale pup on a string. He tells of wending his way to the poorhouse, when a camp voice from the front of the house impolitely asks him if he is checking out (it went over). But it seems the big bad wolf never ate his son so he doesn't go to the poor house. Stubby also played his part well and went to sleep.

It's a question whether the gentleman recruit who is the exact likeness of Jack Tackett is another Jack Tackett or a relative - or is it a gag? Nevertheless, the two socalled J. Tacketts take upon themselves to give a speech appropriate to the occasion. It seems the nearest to my recollection it went: "Have you ever seen Santa Claus?" said the 1st J. Tackett. "Sure, I stayed up and seen him get in bed with mamma," said the 2nd J. Tackett.

They finished the recitals with "It came upon a Midnite Clear" sung by everybody with variations. Mrs. Paris proceeds with the distribution of the Xmas presents. We don't know what Jerry O'Day got but his face was plenty red. We noticed Superintendent John W. Dally in the crowd and he said it was a good show, which it was.

About that time there is a loud explosion and Jerry and me leave - no buckshot for us! When we get back to camp we find it was only some boys throwing fire crackers at the school house. But we don't believe in taking chances do we Jerry? And that's all for this time.

J. Handley

"CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY"

We had stopped for the lights to change before crossing the street and overheard a conversation. Some chap was going to risk his all in a crap game down the street! That gave Barnacle Bill an idea.

"Listen," he said. We've got two dollars left from that auto polish job the other day. Let's take a chance and follow that bird. I feel lucky."

We followed the bird to a hotel, into the lobby, up on the elevator, got off when he did, and entered a large room that gave off a pandemonium of sound when the door was opened. We found a bookie joint going in full blast, a hazard game, a roulette wheel, and a crap table. About a hundred people, half of them women, were in the room. The calls were coming in over a loud speaker from five tracks. Bill made his way over to the crap table and watched the play.

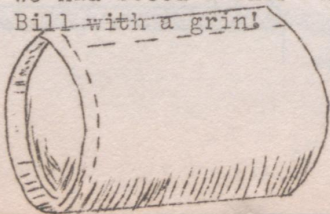
"I'm going to play the field," said Bill. "There's a system that says play the next time after the house has won three times in a row. Here goes." Bill threw a dollar on the field, a chap with the dice shook them up in a leather cup, rolled them against the side of the table, they rolled and stopped - craps! Bill let the two dollars ride. Again the dice rolled across the board - eleven! Bill let the four dollars ride in spite of frantic tugs we gave to his coat. The table was crowded and it was hard to see the game.

Again the dice rolled, this time to show a five. Bill picked up the eight dollars and decided to watch the play. The field won and lost, then three more house plays and Bill threw a five spot. We held our breath as the dice rolled - craps! Bill let the ten ride. Again the dice rolled, this time to show - eleven. Bill picked up the twenty as the player threw again. A seven! Three more times the dice rolled without a bet on Bill's part, then he had the dice. He put five dollars on the line, rattled the dice and threw - eleven!

"Let's have a dollar," we said. "There's a horse going in the fourth race that's worth a bet." Bill shoved over a dollar and we went across the room and placed the bet. A long shot to win! We returned to the crap table just as Bill had made five passes in a row. He had over a hundred dollars in chips! "Let's cash in," we implored Bill. Bill threw a dollar on the line - rolled the dice - crapped! Shoving the chips over to the cashier Bill received a hundred and twenty dollars!

We turned around as the loud speaker called out the progress of the fourth race. In the stretch - with no mention of the long shot. Then, "A close finish - here's the winner - out of the clouds," and then came the name of our long shot. We collected thirty dollars - the limit!

A hundred and fifty bucks! Enough to start something. Our feet trod on air as we walked back to the stop light and crossed the street where we had stood a short hour before. "It pays to keep your ears open," said Bill with a grin!



"TRANSIENT TOPICS"

News dispatch states Director William Plunkert made a speech in New Orleans recently stating the transient bureaus would be reorganized into some sort of "relief for State homeless", thereby leaving the transients "out in the cold" as the newspaper expressed it. Change to be effective six weeks from date of dispatch.

"Under Kentucky set-up of State Administration, the man without a permanent residence, or the man away from his State is nobody's responsibility. To remedy this situation, the Federal Transient Bureaus were established. Using Federal funds, solely, they provide relief to the transients from other States, and attempt to return them to their place of residence, or to work out some other plan to end transience." This is an extract from an eight page mimeographed book entitled "Unemployment Relief in Kentucky," by Mrs. Robert Kutak, Research Director, KERA. The above paragraph is all we could find regarding transients.

The FERA has cancelled the 30¢ per hour minimum wage rate for relief work in Georgia, and also in some sections of Kentucky, according to news dispatch item. The government has been paying higher wages than private employers for the same work. Hereafter, work relief pay will be scaled to community wage rates.

Up in Cincinnati, the bureau has been divided into "State" and "Transient" divisions. All transients out of the State will register at 411 Laurel St.

At present, the transients are lodged at hotels at Charleston S. C., and nothing definite is known there regarding the opening of a lodge or camp.

Over in Ashville, N. C., all the men in the bureau were arrested and fingerprinted by the local police. A letter from Washington, addressed to the Louisville authorities, stated "The policy of the government prohibits the fingerprinting of itinerant workers residing in transient bureaus."

Father Pilarek of Moline, Ill. is quoted in Transient Comment, the bureau magazine of Moline, Ill. as saying: "If there were no relief agencies this country could not long endure. Overnight there would be revolution and bloodshedding by bands of roving, bitter, men. Hence, if those who object to the cost of relief can justify it no other way, they should at least look upon it as a safety first measure, if they value their money and property so highly."

Having trouble in the Washington, D.C. bureau with agitators organizing the transients there into some sort of "assert your rights" proposition.



AS OTHERS SEE US

It is not their political beliefs but their increasing numbers which worry FERA officials. For despite two years of the New Deal, despite a definite pick-up in prosperity, the line of men in the bread line continues. They are not derelicts, they are not unemployed. And yet this Christmas the line was longer than last.

Of deep concern to officials here (Washington) is this fact that standards of local relief in the cities are such that a single man finds he can fare better on the road. Thus the transient bureaus find themselves in the position of increasing transients by the high standard of care they maintain.

It is not an unconditional hand-out however. Unless a man can get on the sick list, he must do four hours a day in the wood yard. In the transient wood yard squad there is a Cornell graduate, and the person in charge of the exterminating work is a Dartmouth graduate - himself on relief.

Almost in the shadow of the Capitol an odd assortment of men file by - some well dressed enough to take Christmas dinner in Washington's best hotels; some unshaven and dirty. But the typical unkempt shuffling bum - he of the artist's magazine cover - was not there. Relief has exterminated him.

Transients say that mission food is better, but they don't like the preaching that goes with it. There is no slouching in the transient dining room. Every man removes his hat before sitting at table. When a press camera man takes a "shot" of the men at Christmas dinner, some duck, to conceal their faces.

Word has been passed around that a bonus march set for January 10th, will bring not only the bonus for veterans, but also social insurance legislation. Transient bureaus and FERA authorities ascribe the organization of this march to Communists. They are frankly worried about it and are taking steps to head it off. Communistic feeling among the men however, is isolated and sporadic.

There is a tacit comradeship among them all. If a man succeeds in bumming a cigarette, there is little likelihood he will smoke it all. A buddy will ask for the butt, and he again will share the butt with another.

Finishing his Christmas dinner, one lean customer walks up to the counter where the sign reads, "Return dishes here".

"Good dinner," he remarks, "but show me a job, Mister, and you can take all the relief kitchens and flop houses and dump 'em in the ocean.

Editor's Note: The above was taken from "The Daily Washington Merry-Go-Round," a syndicated feature appearing in hundreds of newspapers.

THE END

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The Transient Bureau, as such, is not responsible, and does not agree with all the views and opinions expressed in this magazine.

Frank Perry
Editor

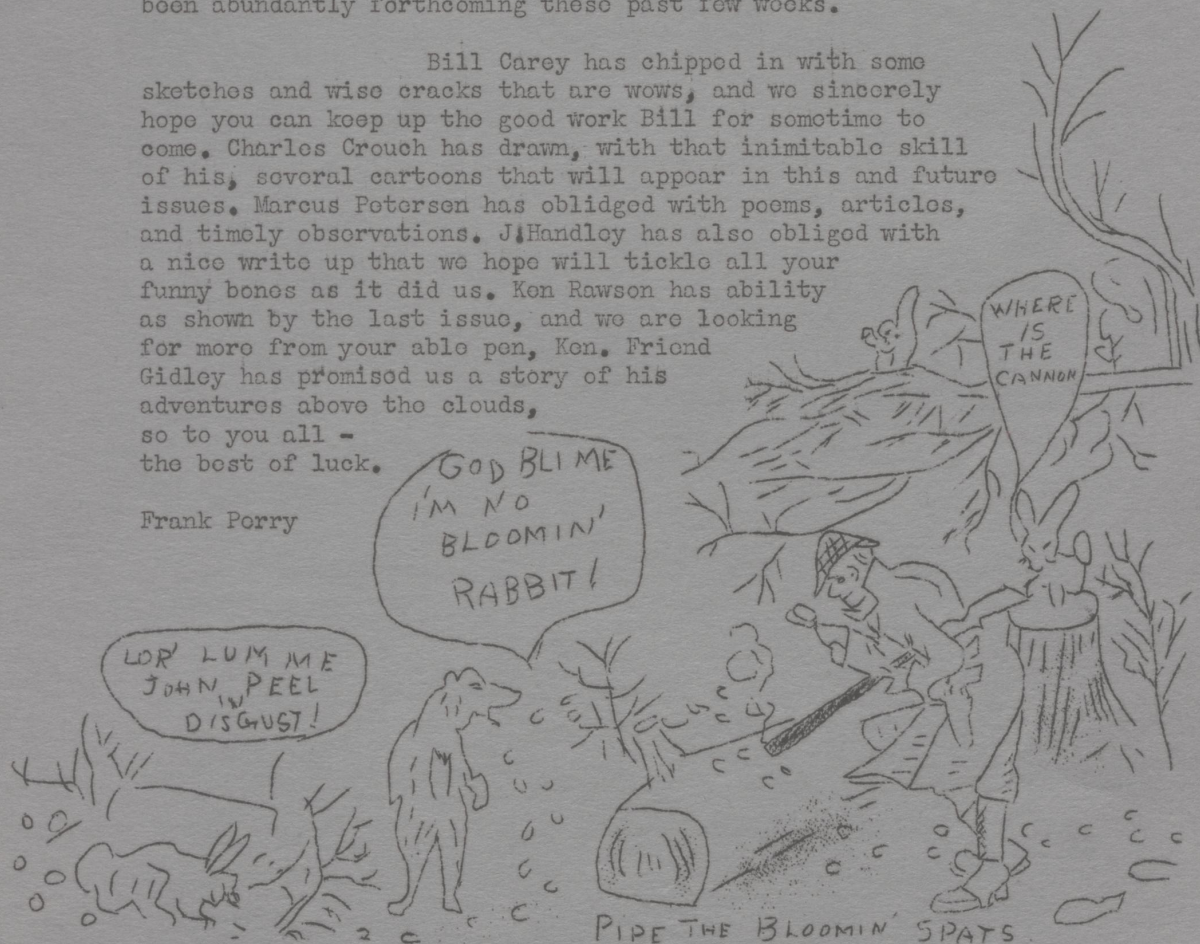
Walt Schonemen
Illustrator.

Fellow Transients:

We thank you one and all for your kind co-operation in providing stories, articles, poems, gags, and what not for the ARK. It makes our job much easier, and really shows that we have some talent in this bureau - we knew it all along but we needed the proof. The proof has been abundantly forthcoming these past few weeks.

Bill Carey has chipped in with some sketches and wise cracks that are wows, and we sincerely hope you can keep up the good work Bill for sometime to come. Charles Crouch has drawn, with that inimitable skill of his, several cartoons that will appear in this and future issues. Marcus Petersen has obliged with poems, articles, and timely observations. J. Handley has also obliged with a nice write up that we hope will tickle all your funny bones as it did us. Ken Rawson has ability as shown by the last issue, and we are looking for more from your able pen, Ken. Friend Gidley has promised us a story of his adventures above the clouds, so to you all - the best of luck.

Frank Perry



Blime lads. See this 'ere bloke on the 'unt. All dressed up like a bloomin' toff. Hits Perry, the editor of the HARK. Strike me bloody well pink, hits a wonder he ain't scalped by the hindians. The only one in danger of getting bloody well shot is Stubby. (Originated by John Carroll - drawn by Bill Carey. The dirty so and so's!

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